



[filtered] Seems peppers aren't all I can burn.



trollcatz



[trollcatz](#)

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>

2008-07-04 16:45:00

MOOD:  rotten

I can add "girlfriends" to that list.

Also, hey, fireworks! Which is a stupid and annoying joke, but how often do I get to make it?

No, I didn't set T. on fire with a stray bottle rocket.

I keep walking away from this to furiously clean the bathroom or weed my closet or sort the recycling, all while muttering under my breath. At this rate, I'll post this on Monday. Or not post it at all. Which might be a good idea.

I didn't invite T. to come along to the barbeque. Not some secret subconscious thing. Not a conscious decision. It just didn't occur to me she'd want to come. "Is this going to be a 'co-workers only' barbeque?" she asked, and I admitted that no one had said so, though nobody had brought a date last year.

"But it's an office party, sort of," I say. "I didn't think you'd be interested."

Just a second too late, I realize I'm in desperate need of a sword, because it's traditional to fall on one at times like that.

T. raises her eyebrows. "Sort of like my damned faculty shindigs? The ones I invite you to because I'm proud of you and want all my friends to meet you?"

Swooooooooooord...

So I say, sure, she can come, I want her to come, it'll be great. Except...it's not great. It's awkward. All the stuff on the job I don't bring home, because it's ugly and scary and I don't want to be that

person to her, the person who spends all day with America's Ghastliest Home Videos. Yeah, this was a party, not a display of crime scene photos. But all I could think about, all afternoon, were the things I didn't want her to hear.

And of course, nobody else brought a date. Nobody said anything, but I immediately felt as if I'd put my foot in it, because really, putting my foot in it is one of my best tricks.

T. chats up everybody and is social and fun--which was what I should have been. Except I'm too nervous to do it. I lurked off to the side and kept my mouth full of food. Anyone watching would have thought she was the one who worked with this gang, and I was the date. Except I do a better job when I actually *am* the date.

Yes, this is one of those stories in which every mistake leads to a bigger and better mistake.

So when we get home, T. asks me what the hell my problem is. T. comes from a big Italian family who're accustomed to yelling at each other when they're mad. My family never yelled. Ever. I'm not saying that's the right way to do it; I'm just saying I don't know how to yell, and don't deal with it reasonably.

I apologize. "What for?" she says. And I realize I can't explain why I was uncomfortable without telling her exactly the things I don't want to share with her. At least, right then I can't think of an alternative.

"It's been a tough few months," I tell her. "I know that," she says. "I figured it out from reading between a lot of lines and talking to your co-workers and noticing the amount of time you spend not telling me things. You know, if I were renting you by the hour I might expect you to be happy-shiny all the time. As it is, I'm just jealous of whoever the hell is getting the whole Daphne. Because I'm only getting parts."

Yeah, okay, paraphrased. But that's really close to what she said.

It didn't end well. If, in fact, it's ended. T.'s either working on notes for an article she's writing or doing a decent facsimile of same. I'm bagging clothes for Goodwill and cleaning kitchen cupboards. And I feel angry. And confused. And awful. I'm pretty sure my intentions were honorable. But I have no idea how to fix this.



Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

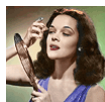
...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
professional--

42 comments



 Ometotchtli

July 5 2008, 01:32:27 UTC COLLAPSE

See, this is why I don't do relationships. You move in with somebody and they suddenly expect you to learn to communicate.

She says she wants the whole Daphne. Does anybody ever get all of anybody?



 cvillette

July 5 2008, 01:36:59 UTC COLLAPSE

Oh, is THAT what that was all about?

I've got another question. Is the stuff she wants to hear stuff you *want* to tell her? I mean, are you not telling her for you or for her?



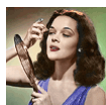
 trollcatz

July 5 2008, 02:00:36 UTC COLLAPSE

If I knew for sure what she wants to hear, I'd tell you. Maybe it's not specific stuff, exactly? But if I'm freaked out about something, and it's not anything she can do something about, I don't want to stick her with it. It wouldn't be fair.

Oh, gawd, remarkably like what I'm doing to you guys right now. Sorry, sorry. I'm just flailing. Not your problem.

Hell, I don't even have an LJ icon suitable to this discussion. X>P



 Ometotchtli


July 5 2008, 02:04:22 UTC COLLAPSE

But if I'm freaked out about something, and it's not anything she can do something about, I don't want to stick her with it. It wouldn't be fair.

...'scuse me. Do you have Any Idea how Ridiculous you sound?

Friends. That's what they're for.



 [trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:17:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I just don't want her to get tired of me.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:22:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

So there's a difference between being a whining whiner who whines, and wallowing... and being a person who needs a little help once in a while.

Look.

Oh, shit, girl. When I got sick, you know? There were people who were there for me, and people who weren't.

Sometimes the people who were there were ones I didn't expect. Like El Jefe. And sometimes the ones who weren't were people who I did expect to be there. Like the ex.

I don't think she's gonna get tired of your for being honest with her. And if she does... you could do better.



 [trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 03:07:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If you ever feel like talking about how you and Dad struck up that partnership, I'd love to hear it. Just, you know, for the record. No pressure.

I think sometimes--okay, a lot of the time--I have inclinations toward being a lousy human being. Judgmental and angry and complaining and moody. Maybe I go overboard with bottling that up.

But nobody loves a crybaby. Or a sullen, pouty kid. You gotta smile if you want people to like you.

Yes, I know exactly what I just said. Platypus nailed this one.




 [cvillette](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:05:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Maybe she just wants to know if you're freaked out about something so she can give you a hug, dude.



 [trolldatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 03:37:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I hates that u r rite. Bcuz u r rite. See, if you're freaked out, you don't get a hug. If you're freaked out, you pull yourself together and suck it up, and then you get the hug as a reward for not freaking out.

This is about me internalizing stupid things from my family. That I'm too smart to have internalized, but did anyway.

Oh, gawd, I'm an idiot. Not even a yarn-dyed idiot. I'm like that cotton that grows in colors other than white. I'm idiot-colored in the boll.



[The knitter geeks out.](#)

 [txanne](#)

[July 5 2008, 04:07:24 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

But at least you're organic! The best thing about that cotton is that every time you wash it, the color gets deeper. It's also very, very soft.

Er, sorry. It's just that I luuuuuurve the stuff.

Deleted comment

[Re: The knitter geeks out.](#)

 [alethea_eastrid](#)

[July 6 2008, 17:14:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Really for true, yes. It's awesome. I just wish it didn't come in the spectrum from "colors I don't really like" to "colors I really don't like"...




 [cvillette](#)

[July 5 2008, 12:07:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

U r not idiot. U made mistake. Mistakes happen. Now go talk to ur sweetie and fix the mistake.



 [trolldatz](#)


[July 5 2008, 02:14:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, is THAT what that was all about?

Crap. Forgot what my coworkers do for a living. So everybody knows I'm having a fight with my girlfriend, huh?

See? It's all part of the same thing! she says wildly. I don't want Mom to know I'm having a fight with my girlfriend; I don't think Mom *wants* to know I'm having a fight with my girlfriend. Now I'll be the sort of person who has fights with her girlfriend. I hate this!




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:23:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

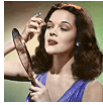
So you think Mom never fights with Mr. Mom?



 [trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:33:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sure, she does. She just doesn't bring it to the company picnic. Sigh.



 [Ometotchtli](#)


[July 5 2008, 02:38:11 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Right. So next time you say, "I think this is just the team," and then invite everybody and their spouses (okay, so everybody and Mom's spouse) to your place for the next holiday.

Peaches, I dunno how to break this to you, but nobody hates you.

Well, okay, maybe Blaze hates you, but that's just because you got promoted past him despite his Evident Superiority.



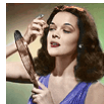
 [trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 03:17:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Blaze can bite my curvaceous left butt cheek. And hell, I even smile and make nice at *him*. How lame is that, I ask you? He probably has no idea I think he's a freakin' cartoon.

You are smrt, Wabbit. God, I wish I were. Honestly, what a serial fuckup I made of this--one car crash after another. And I'm scared that I'm no good at doing what T. wants me to do, which is, be a normal human being.

I really, really love her, Wabbit. So much it kinda makes me queasy. I'm not sure when this happened.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[July 5 2008, 12:09:11 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Have u considered mayb T. just wants u to b u?

And maybe she loves you too?



[mearn4d10](#)

[July 5 2008, 12:36:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

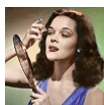
Life is a serial fuckup. In love, as in life, it's all about picking up the pieces in the right order to make sure that what's most important is still there when you need it. Good luck, Harpy. Though if she love you as much as you love her, you won't need it. *hugs*



 [trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 01:51:28 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

God, I don't know. There's Whiny Me and Angry Me and Scared Me and Sad Me, and if none of those are about *her*, why would she want them? If it *is* about her, I talk about it, because stomping around simmering and pouting is stupid.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[July 5 2008, 01:56:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

How do you feel about Whiny Her and Angry Her and Scared Her and Sad Her? Do you want them taken away from you and kept out of sight?

Because there's protecting yourself, and there's being too scared to trust. And Peaches, as the poster child for scared to trust, lemme tell you, well. It's not conducive to relationship building.



 [cvillette](#)

[July 5 2008, 01:56:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Dude. R u bein ur dad?



 [trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:18:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No. Not much. Maybe in a different way.

 [kitanzi](#)

[July 5 2008, 20:55:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Just to stick in two cents worth, which is about how much my advice usually **is** worth - she doesn't sound like the kind of person who's so self centered that she only wants the parts of you that are about her. She wants a real person (YOU, lucky you!), and she's smart enough and grown up enough to know that someone else, by definition, has parts that aren't about her - and are important anyhow.



 [saoba](#)

[July 5 2008, 01:40:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Ay yi yi.

The thing is- a lot of it is Not Your Information, so to speak. You have to know it for work, but not yours to disseminate. I speak fluent NYI because my parnter works in a hospital, and people's medical information will, in the course of his job, pass in front of his eyes. Still not his to share.

Likewise, a minister hears a lot of things that reasonably might interest/distress their partner and is not theirs to share. Plenty of jobs have aspects of NYI- heck, software developers have it.

What *is* yours to share is how you feel. And it's a tangle and it's hard, but that's tghe part you can do something

about, if you want.

The temptation is to just keep it all in compartments, to keep one part of your life apart. I understand it, it gives you a refuge. And for some couples it works. (For us, not so much. I don't need to know who is having what last ditch treatments or the name of the person who got messed up in a car crash- but if it makes him feel sad or worried about the future or whatever it's better for us if I know that.)

There's also the thing that withholding information can be a safeguard. I know military people. And some of them have told their SO about things they saw or did only to learn their SO couldn't handle it after all. And that's not a bell you can unring.

I'd say talk to T about how you feel and about why you're not sharing. And I'll be holding a good thought for you both.



 [trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:23:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It is a pretty similar situation, yeah. And I do share my feelings, if it seems like the right thing to do. I like sharing the good ones. The crappy ones

Oh, shit. Platypus is right. I'm being my father.



 [saoba](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:49:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It is a pretty similar situation, yeah. And I do share my feelings, if it seems like the right thing to do. I like sharing the good ones. The crappy ones

Oh, shit. Platypus is right. I'm being my father.

Dude, I totally get that. Many people spend most of their lives either being their parents (often accidentally) or adamantly being NOT their parents. Took me a long time to learn to spot when I was doing either one.


The trick, I think, is to pick which parts to emulate and to do so mindfully. I'm still working on that.

Only sharing the good feelings is like running a relationship on an abridged operating manual. It can be done but it is unlikely to result in optimum performance.

I mentioned my partner works in a hospital, right? I don't need him to tell me he saw some poor guy they had to cut out of a car and *fill in awful details here*. I know that's possible every day when he leaves for work. But he can tell me it was a hard day, or that what he did at work today meant someone got really good care or that he was reminded today that if anything happened to me he'd be devastated. He can tell me he really wants to just watch a funnybad movie and be in the same room.

For my part I can pay attention to his cues and sometimes he wants to talk and sometimes he wants it to just go away for a while. It's a dance, you know?



 [trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 03:24:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


This is so smart. Why am I the only person who didn't get this memo, huh?

Abridged operating manual. Full list of features not available to end user. Not effective use of software. 8>P



 [txanne](#)


[July 5 2008, 03:27:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Don't feel bad.  [saoba](#)'s been smarter than me for as long as I've known her, which is going on, uh, ten years now?



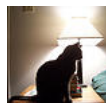
 [saoba](#)

[July 5 2008, 03:39:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Don't feel bad.  [saoba](#)'s been smarter than me for as long as I've known her, which is going on, uh, ten years now?


Lies! Scurrilous lies!  [txanne](#) is lots smarter than me. (And taller. But almost everyone is taller so never mind.)

Around here anyone I've known more than ten years I just airly explain we've known each other 'since we were mere girls in school'.



 [txanne](#)

[July 5 2008, 03:50:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh no. There is book-smart, and there is people-smart, and most of my people-smarts have come from paying attention to you and  [kightp](#) and Diva WINOLJ and and and. Besides, you have booksmarts. I just have the union card to prove it.



 [saoba](#)

[July 5 2008, 03:35:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'm OLD, babe. And I've been with my partner for- egad, going on 23 years now. Believe me when I tell you this is not the first edition of the manual. And whole sections of it basically boil down to 'Well, shit, *that* didn't work. Let's not do that again.'

Would it encourage you at all if I tell you that some of our funniest in-jokes now are about things that really really didn't work then?



 [trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 03:39:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It does kinda give a girl hope.



[eljefe](#)

[July 7 2008, 01:09:26 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

What she said. Not only are there things that my wife doesn't need to know, there are things she just can't know. But she understands that, it just takes time and communication.



[txanne](#)

[July 5 2008, 01:51:00 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Ouch. My family doesn't yell either--nor do we apologize, ever, for anything. Instead we go to bed mad and wake up with ulcers. I don't know what to tell you except that my family's tradition doesn't work real well, and that maybe you should tell T at least as much as you tell your imaginary Internet friends....



[trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:29:52 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah. Scary, though. I feel like calling my dad and asking, "So are you afraid if you're upset I won't love you?" He'd freak.



[txanne](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:32:24 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I feel kinda bad that that made me laugh. But yeah.

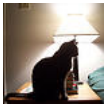


[trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 03:20:43 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hey, it made me laugh, too. Is a good thing, sharing a laugh.



[txanne](#)

[July 5 2008, 03:28:43 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

So quit laughing with us and go let your sweetheart in on the joke. ::nudges gently::



[cvillette](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:11:02 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Grr. Fcuk. I am totally falling over. Really sorry, but I think I'm going to pass out on top of the laptop.

Promise me you'll call before you do anything dumb, if you decide to do anything dumb?



[trollcatz](#)

[July 5 2008, 02:27:44 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I think I've already done the dumb, bro. It's time to try the smart for a change.

Thank you for being one of my Really Wise Good Buddies. You make stuff better.



[inaurolillium](#)

July 6 2008, 01:38:15 UTC

COLLAPSE

hug

Sounds like all the wise and clever people around got here first to give you good advice, so I'll stick to hugs. But I hear you did well with the salsa.

Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
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